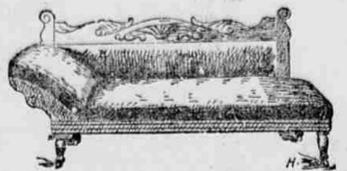


# FIRST in Quality! FIRST in Price! FIRST in Terms

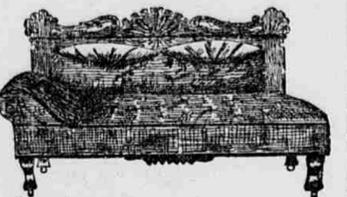
First in everything---that's why we lead. This week we will put on sale a large assortment of Lounges and Couches, covered in silk tapestry, crush plush, Kaiser plush, Wilton rug, corduroy, French tapestry and body brussels carpet. All styles of frames, all colors of upholstering, and all bran new goods. We will have displayed in our window the Lounges and Couches illustrated below:



This Single Carpet Lounge

Oak frame, full spring and well made. Sells regularly about \$10, OUR PRICE THIS WEEK.....

**\$4.50**



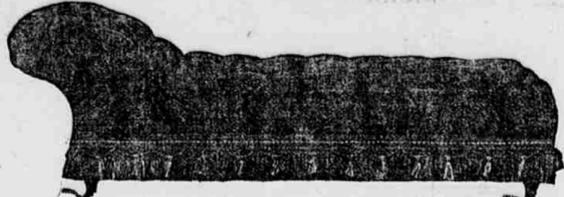
This Bed Lounge

Upholstered in crush plush, oak frame and full spring. Sells regularly about \$15, OUR PRICE THIS WEEK.....

**\$8.45**

## CASH OR MONTHLY OR WEEKLY PAYMENTS.

- \$10.00 worth—\$1.00 week, or \$4.00 month.
- \$20.00 worth—\$1.25 week, or \$4.50 month.
- \$30.00 worth—\$1.50 week, or \$5.00 month.
- \$50.00 worth—\$2.00 week, or \$7.50 month.
- \$75.00 worth—\$2.50 week, or \$8.00 month.
- \$100.00 worth—\$2.50 week, or \$10.00 month.
- \$200.00 worth—\$4.00 week, or \$15.00 month.



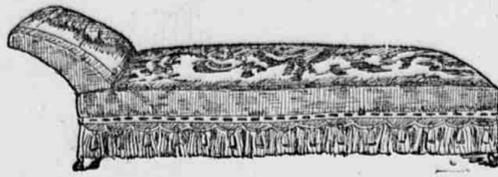
This couch can be had in Corduroy or Kaiser Plush, tufted top and beautifully fringed, worth \$18 of any man's money. Our Price This Week.....

**\$9.95**

THE LADIES' GLADIATOR, \$85



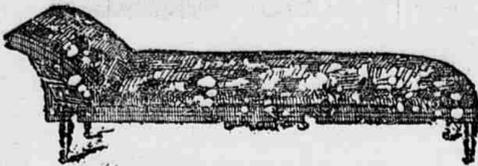
EASY TERMS ON BICYCLES.



This Chenille Covered Couch

Full spring, large assortment of colors and solid oak frame; sells regularly for about \$13.00 our price this week...

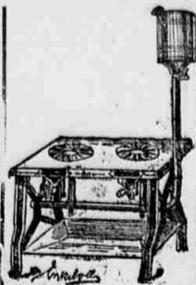
**\$5.40**



This Couch, covered in French

Tapestry, full spring, assorted colors and ruffle edge; sell regularly at about \$10.00; this week.....

**\$4.65**



QUICK MEAL STOVES

From \$2.90. A great variety to select from.

Lace Curtains.....	50c and upwards
Chenille Curtains.....	\$3.25 and upwards
Tapestry Carpets.....	40c
Window Shades.....	\$4.25 and upwards
Matting.....	10c and upwards
Matting.....	10c
Matting.....	15c
Matting.....	25c
Matting.....	30c
Matting.....	40c
Oil Cloth.....	50c and up
Linoleum.....	50c and up
Ingrain Carpets.....	25c
Ingrain Carpets.....	35c
Ingrain Carpets.....	50c
Ingrain Carpets.....	65c
Brussels Carpet.....	50c
Brussels Carpet.....	65c
Brussels Carpet.....	75c
Brussels Carpet.....	90c
Brussels Carpet.....	\$1.00
Moquette.....	\$1.10

This pretty BABY CARRIAGE goes another week for the same price. If you need one, be sure and see this Price \$5.25



# Peoples Furniture & Carpet Co.

1315 3/4 FARNAM

## THE KNIGHT OF THE BLUE ARMOR.

A LEGEND OF THE LOBSTER.

BY ESTHER SINGLETON.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by the Author.)

Many hundred years ago a grim castle frowned with surly aspect from a pile of rocks upon a lonely island. Rumor said an ogre dwelt here; but really it was Gaston de Mesquin (which translated means sordid and stingy), better known as the Knight of the Blue Armor, who had disappeared from his home in France to guard his treasures in this remote place.

This baron had robbed and plundered his own and foreign countries to so great an extent that his life was not safe. Before he fled to this dreary island he feared every servant on his estate; and, to protect himself, he ordered a suit of armor to be made in Toledo. When delivered, he pronounced it perfect for buckling traces and straps, and he walked up and down, lading the metal case, despite its ponderous appearance, as light as his satin hose, and every hinge and greave and plate so flexible that no movement was impeded. He surveyed himself with pride, for so strangely was the steel furnished that sometimes it appeared bronze, sometimes blue and sometimes green, and as its owner went clanking about his cham-

ber he resolved to call himself the Knight of the Blue Armor, and to start a report that he was enchanted.

II.

Rumor wears myriad wings, and, as her lips magnify every tale she hears, she spread this report throughout the country. The frightened servants fled, and alone and mysteriously did the knight convey his hoard of treasures to the rocky island. The king, who lost his tribute by his master's flight, seized the avaricious and nobody mourned the loss of the castles and nobility who had sacrificed so many lives for his selfish gain; and nobody tried to discover his fate. The peasants said that Satan and all his bristling imps had appeared on the drawbridge one afternoon when the knight of the Blue Armor was riding across, and, grabbing him by the neck—around which no loving arms had ever twined—jumped with him into the moat and cut their way down to the sulphur throne, which explained satisfactorily to their simple minds the strange balls of greenish fire which the Will of the

Whip tossed there every night after the event.

III.

When ten years had dropped their petals in the Garden of Time a pestilence swept over the country, leaving famine in its wake; and although the grief-stricken remnant of humanity murmured prayers for deliverance, no help came. In their distress they turned to Father Francis, the benevolent, learned, sympathetic monk, whose little church stood not far from the deserted castle. Around it the ivy grew as devotedly as his loving thoughts for his people, and underneath its graceful trellis of green the solid church was typical of his sturdy character. Tender and gentle as his study he, he could be stern enough when the time demanded it—and everybody loved and trusted him.

Father Francis could sit in his little garden in the shade of his high wall all day among the spicy gillflowers, the daffy red ponies, and the cloth-of-gold roses, watching the green dragon flies and brown, speckled butterflies at play among the velvet petals, hearing the birds sing their songs in the swaying trees; and taking pleasure in the bounce and buzz of the industrious bees filling their honey bags; or he could close his eyes to these delights and study here, as well as in his bare room, old volumes held together by heavy silver clasps and filled with the lettering of patient scribes. On dull days, when the angry rain lashed the hearts out of his flowers or when winter covered them with a cloak of snow, Father Francis would take his palette and brushes, paints and bowls to his tiny window, and spend hours illuminating miniature, delighting to see the pictured story grow under his deft fingers.

IV.

But in all these occupations, and even when at his orisons in the chapel, he was always ready to listen to the woes of his people, and to help them by word or deed; for Father Francis believed himself nearer heaven's blessings when helping mankind than at any other time.

He still believed the Knight of the Blue Armor to be alive, and connected him with the legend of the island that could be seen on a clear day like a golden dot on the sky line across the sparkling sea. If he could approach the tyrant, perhaps he might set free his heart.

As Adele de Bois walked out under the arched stone door, she found Jean waiting. He clasped her hand and told her in his earnest gaze the secret she had craved so long. She slipped her scented rosary on his wrist for a talisman, and to thank her he bent his tall head and kissed her before the astonished and jealous girls, at whose gaze deep poppies

rose in her cheeks under the shadow of her crimped linen wimple.

V.

One bright morning the Knight of the Blue Armor had left his stronghold and by banking on the rocks. He enjoyed the fresh breeze that blew away the curling heads of the roaring waves as he had blown away human sympathy. Like himself the day was cold and brilliant in appearance and the sun seemed to delight in striking upon the figure that lay a shapeless mass of glittering steel upon the huge brown bowlers. His tall figure in its careless pose looked as if it might be a piece of a blue wave from the ocean lodged in the cloven rock. Insensible to the loneliness of the place, he was rejoicing in his good luck to have been so long unmolested, when his quick eye detected a tiny, black speck drifting from wave to wave midway between the island and a ship, many leagues away. Yes, it was coming toward him, very slowly, but very surely, the little bark that rose and fell with the heaving rolls of water seeking to wash the shore. In it were two men—an elderly priest and a strong, handsome youth, who pulled the oars with a hearty stroke.

reply: "your blood will answer for your crime of entering my rocky gates. Begone!" "I know you, Gaston de Mesquin," said the priest, undisturbed by threat and scowl and furious gestures, "I know you. Have I believed the tales of your disappearance? Do I not know that your castle contains the treasures won by your greed of will and strength of arm? Listen: Your people, who are my people, starve. Aton for your evil deeds by giving your bounty to succor the suffering ones. Plague has visited them and famine carries a more unwhimsical guest than I to you. Help them, help help for their sakes, for your present peace, for your future reward, and for my sake—a consecrated monk, who will call heaven's gifts of mercy upon your path. Help them!" "I would the plague had carried you off, too; mayhap famine will, if he abide long enough. Were my prayers useful, I would piece head of nation on to tail of vesper and beg him starve thy stomach into dust. Do you monks teach your sons how to invade and harry thus the estates of other men? Youth, you are bold in looks, leave the monk and serve me."

"Sir Knight," you are the better teacher of such manners. What land has escaped

Francis, for he hoped the knight would relent, yield to his persuasive words and escape his doom. But these could not pierce his heart any more effectually than the sun could dart its rays through the glittering armor. "How blue the sea, how blue the sky, how hard the knight's face, how grieved the monk!" Such were the thoughts of Jean, who gazed wonderingly at the scene.

VIII.

A strange thing happened. "It is said, Jean, but I must punish this man," said Father Francis, as the knight walked away. "We cannot spill his blood, yet we must seize his possessions for the hungry ones at home. Watch!"

As they overtook him again the Knight of the Blue Armor turned with a menacing glance, but was arrested by the monk, who said slowly: "Knight of the Blue Armor, there are treasures in the sea—guard them; there are monsters in the sea—go live with them. You wear armor, shall cling to you and become a part of you; the sign and seal of your greedy nature shall be a cumbersome claw; your eye shall shrivel in its socket; and your heart men shall look for in vain. Begone!"

This was hardly spoken when the knight vanished, and a huge lobster fell from the rocks with a great splash.

Father Francis and Jean gazed from the ship to land, loaded her with the spoils of the castle and sailed home; one to the charge of his people; the other to the gentle Adele.

So well does the lobster fulfill the charm "that, clad in his helmet and cuirass of mail—a marvel of flexibility—he guards forever the caverns of the ocean. One thing reminds the Knight of the Blue Armor of his greed—the awkward, grasping claw which so often brings him into trouble. If you do not believe this story, examine the next lobster you see, and tell me if he does not wear a wonderful suit of armor!"

strength to crush a man's skull or disembowel him with a single blow. He had heard a gorilla's roar three miles off.

A TERRIFYING ENEMY.

The grown male is often shy and Du Challa has hunted one all day unsuccessfully, although sure that the ape was avoiding him. Once met, however, the animal never retreats, and a life or death combat comes. It is a very terrifying thing to see a gorilla make ready to attack, its round, bulged head, covered with reddish hair thrown forward from the black body, its features convulsed with rage, the small, deep-set eyes gleaming malignantly, and the fangs of the heavy jaws showing between tensely drawn lips. What adds to the excitement is the necessity, owing to the senselessness of the jungle where gorilla are found, of holding one's fire until the last moment, a hunter never discharging his piece from a longer distance than eight yards, while from fourteen to eighteen feet is the ordinary gorilla range.

A final point is that gorilla meat, dark red in color, is esteemed a delicacy by natives and experienced hunters.

TIGER INTUITION.

The tiger is the greatest fighter in the jungle, and seems to know its superiority over other animals. He is a well established fact in the straight course it takes in going to a watering place, its trail moving ahead unswerving, while the tracks of other animals show breaks and hesitations from various alarms. A tiger has all the strength of the lion, with the advantage of greater quickness and cunning.

Tigers might be called the cannibals among wild beasts, hence it is a well established fact that the males often devour their own cubs and in some instances their females. It is probably for this reason that the tigress conceals her cubs from their sire as soon as they are born and leaves him herself as soon afterward as may be.

There is united testimony that tigers know the difference between a man armed only with spears and white men carrying rifles, and they are far more apt to attack the former than the latter. A white man armed with a rifle is comparatively safe from attack in the jungle unless the animal he is hunting is brought to bay or wounded.

Trapping tigers is royal sport, and here no device conceived by a human mind has been found superior to the native method, which is at once simple and effective. Half way between the tiger's lair and its accustomed haunts a place is dug pit five or fourteen feet square and somewhat deeper, with a side sloping out after the manner of an Indian cache, so that the bottom is some feet lower than the top. From the apex, securely bound, is suspended a live goat at a height calculated to tempt the tiger's spring. And there the animal is left an unwilling sacrifice, kicking and struggling until the great beast has come forth.

brute spray upon him, wounding him so that he died within the hour.

Almost all lions seen in menageries are animals that have been captured as cubs when too feeble to offer resistance, and have been suckled by goats, taking their nourishment three times a day, and often growing into fine beasts. In the rare cases where grown lions are captured they either sicken and die from loss of freedom, many of them being carried off by consumption, or, if they live, become so fierce that they are dangerous to handle.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

FRATILE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions." "Then," said Willie, "if a fellow has candy and eats it all himself, and ain't afraid of other fellows callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"

"Papa," said Willie, "why do they have a chaplain in the senate?" "He is there, my son, to pray that the senators may be blessed, and may do their work decently and in order." "Humph!" said Willie. "Seems to me they ought to pray for the one they have now, and get one who has more influence."

"Pa, does Mr. Smiler burn candles at his house?" "No, my dear, why do you ask?" "Why, I heard him say the other night you couldn't hold a candle to grandpa."

Johnny—Id hate to belong to your church, 'Y'm one pie, Johnnie?" "Why, child, you are all right. We're going to heaven, and you ain't dog-on."

Professor (reading)—"Dropping the reins, Mr. Flood castled his wife from the carriage, and together they entered the store." "Oh my little boy improve upon this sentence? Bright Pupil—The reins descended and the Floods came."

Willie—If I believe it is wicked to chew tobacco, Nellie—Why, Willie! Willie—Well, it ain't. I tried it and it made me sick. Wicked things is all good."

A little boy was bad had the other day, and his mother said: "Sammy, why don't you be good?" "Cause I'm afraid," was the prompt reply. "What are you afraid of?" "Glowing things get to be angels, and I don't want to be an angel and have to wear feeders like a hen."

Tommy (impatiently)—I wish I were Billy Barlow. Mamma—But Billy hasn't any dear little brothers and sisters. Tommy—That is just where he is luck; he doesn't have to be an example to them all the time.



THIS WAS HARDLY SPOKEN WHEN THE KNIGHT VANISHED.

"It is he," said Father Francis to Jean, as a gigantic-billow dropped them down its slippery side in full view of the rock on which the knight rested. "I thought the Blue Knight and the ogre were identical. Pull steady, Jean, and keep a stout heart." The knight meanwhile with a very angry expression rose to his feet and stood shading his eyes and looking intently upon the approaching boat, so near now that the two figures were visible.

"They shall not land," he mumbled. "I feel they are my destruction. With this remark he crept down the rocks, dropping from one to another, clinging by hand and foot, now jumping, now swinging, now scrambling and now sliding, until he reached the sandy beach.

"Who lands?" he cried to the intruders. "Who lands? Is it peace? Is it menace? This island is mine; neither friar nor foe is welcome. Ye land on peril of your lives."

VI.

"We are messengers of peace," said Father Francis, as he stepped from the boat, followed by Jean, "and after craving your pardon and begging for your grace, we sue for favor."

"Big and sue as you please," was the

white curls on the troubled brow of Father Francis, for he hoped the knight would relent, yield to his persuasive words and escape his doom. But these could not pierce his heart any more effectually than the sun could dart its rays through the glittering armor. "How blue the sea, how blue the sky, how hard the knight's face, how grieved the monk!" Such were the thoughts of Jean, who gazed wonderingly at the scene.

VIII.

A strange thing happened. "It is said, Jean, but I must punish this man," said Father Francis, as the knight walked away. "We cannot spill his blood, yet we must seize his possessions for the hungry ones at home. Watch!"

As they overtook him again the Knight of the Blue Armor turned with a menacing glance, but was arrested by the monk, who said slowly: "Knight of the Blue Armor, there are treasures in the sea—guard them; there are monsters in the sea—go live with them. You wear armor, shall cling to you and become a part of you; the sign and seal of your greedy nature shall be a cumbersome claw; your eye shall shrivel in its socket; and your heart men shall look for in vain. Begone!"

This was hardly spoken when the knight vanished, and a huge lobster fell from the rocks with a great splash.

Father Francis and Jean gazed from the ship to land, loaded her with the spoils of the castle and sailed home; one to the charge of his people; the other to the gentle Adele.

So well does the lobster fulfill the charm "that, clad in his helmet and cuirass of mail—a marvel of flexibility—he guards forever the caverns of the ocean. One thing reminds the Knight of the Blue Armor of his greed—the awkward, grasping claw which so often brings him into trouble. If you do not believe this story, examine the next lobster you see, and tell me if he does not wear a wonderful suit of armor!"

A HUNTER OF WILD BEASTS.

Du Challa Talks of His Experience in the Jungle.

It is a remarkable thing that Paul Du Challa, who in his earlier years gained such fame from his explorations in Central Africa and from the thrilling recital of his adventures, has not cared in the period of his matured manhood to renew his experiences in the same field. He enjoys talking about lions, tigers, elephants and gorillas with other big game, but is well content to tread the pathways of civilization and enjoy the life of great cities. Almost equally remarkable is the indifference of this thorough Frenchman to the charms of Paris and his own country and his decided preference for the western continent. He likes New York better than Paris, and as a place to rest in summer, he likes New London better than any spot on earth.

REMINISCENCES.

Finding myself beside M. Du Challa at a resort in better Bohemia some time ago, I finally, but not without difficulty, drew him away from his favorite topic of the Vikings, and induced him to tell me something about the big animals of far away lands which he has hunted so many times. He spoke fluently in English, but with Gallic animation, and it was a life sight to see this little man, brown skinned, well preserved and full of kindly humor, light up as he called to mind those stirring times of long ago.

We talked gorillas for a while and he expressed no sympathy with the Darwinian theory regarding the distance between man and these big apes as too great to be spanned by any step of science. To his notion there is little that suggests the human form in the anatomical structure of the gorilla, the animal having great difficulty in maintaining its equilibrium on its hind legs and always going down on its haunches, almost sitting down, when about to attack. And yet he admitted that the animal's remarkable facial resemblance to man, in spite of its repulsive hideousness, always made him feel a certain sinking of heart on killing a gorilla. Nor could he look without feeling upon a dead gorilla. M. Du Challa remembers killing a gorilla that stood nearly six feet in height and had a reach of the arms of nine feet. Its large toe was large as a man's wrist, and the hands, with their great claws, had

Attracted by the prospective feast, the tiger creeps up within bounding distance, then gives a mighty leap and falls into the pit. There he is kept a prisoner for several days, his frantic efforts to escape only serving to exhaust his strength. Meantime his captors have constructed a bran net which is carefully let down over him, large pieces of rattan being gradually worked beneath until he is completely shut in. By this time the tiger is usually nearly dead from exhaustion and wounds, and in this condition, a most miserable object, he and his cage are hoisted to the surface.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A LION.

In regard to lions, it seems there is foundation for the statement that these great cats often refuse to attack a man, even when unarmed. One of M. Du Challa's gun boys, for instance, on one occasion, came unexpectedly face to face with a lion at a distance of less than three feet. The native had sufficient coolness to stand absolutely motionless, not even attempting to lift the weapon he carried from his left into his right hand, for there was no time to do so. After perhaps a minute that seemed to be interminable the lion walked away, turning his head every few minutes to look at the man. A little later another native encountered the same lion, and, showing less presence of mind than his comrade, raised his spear to strike, whereupon the

Chicago Post.

No matter what it is I say, No matter when or how, That will not prompt possession take Of Miss Inquisitive.

I'll tell you, "Don't hurt yourself," Or, "Now I wouldn't cry," I'm sure to hear the little elf Inquire: "Why?"

There is no statement I can make, No caution I can give, That will not prompt possession take Of Miss Inquisitive.

Of Miss Inquisitive, I'm sure to hear the little elf Inquire: "Why?"

Buckley's Arsenic Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.